

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, November 28. 1710.

COming lately into *Scotland*, and Discourſing there of the Publick Affairs, and of the preſent Deluſions of the People in *England*; I, like a Charitable Fool, was frequently telling of a Number of Honeſt well-meaning People in *England*, who tho' they were *Tories* or *Higb-Flyers* in the main, yet meant no ill, and had not really a View to the *Pretender*; I found the People did not underſtand my Diſcourſe, and ſtar'd awkwardly upon one another; at laſt, one who underſtood me a little plainer than the reſt, aſk'd me this Queſtion very gravely——*Why, Sir*, ſays he, *Have you any Tories in England that are not Jacobites?* God forbid, ſaid I, we

ſhould not, our Caſe would be elſe very bad there——*Indeed*, ſays the Gentleman, *I thought it could not have been poſſible; I aſſure you it is otherwiſe among us; for if you ſee a TORY in our Country, you always ſee a JACOBITE, the Exception is ſo rare, it is ſcarce worth notice.*

This indeed I knew went far there, and begins to go very far in *England* too; the natural tendency of *Toryiſm*, being to *St. Germans*; but I thought it ſtrange to find the Obſervation ſo General, yet I muſt own, I have found no juſt Cauſe to Contradiſt the Maxim, in the little Obſervation I have made there; and if this makes the *Tories* on that Side more dangerous to the Publick

Publick, than the *Tories* on our Side, there are but too many Reasons to make it appear true; Principally, because the Design of bringing in the Pretender, is utterly inconsistent with the present Constitution, and their Duty to the Queen.

But on the other Hand, I know not whether the *Tories* in *England* are not more dangerous, in that they profess to Act for the Queen, and to keep out the Pretender; they make a show of espousing another Interest, but run their Measures up to an Extreme, which silently polats at the Jacobite Interest, and will at last Dissolve in it; while the *Tories* in *Scotland*, much the more Honourable of the two, openly tell us all, what we are to expect of them, and what it is they aim at, viz. That they own the Pretender, and resolve, if they can, to have him again for their King.

I have often observed in *England*, the difference between the profess'd Jacobite, and the Swearing, *Abjuration-taking* High-Flyer. And indeed I cannot but preserve a Charity, grown up to respect, for a down right open Jacobite. What is it to me, what his Reasons are for his Profession? It appears he cleaves to it from a Principle, and adheres to that Principle with Fidelity and Resolution; but the other have neither Principle or Resolution, neither Honesty enough to be bold, or Courage enough to be Honest; the Fraud is Capital, indeed it is the Superlative of Hypocrisy and Dissimulation, it is in its Nature so black, that nothing can be worse, the Nature of Man is not capable of a Crime more Hellish, nor has the Devil a Clan in the World so like himself, as these whose Practice is Calculated like his, for the Ruin of Humane Society, and for the Sacrificing all the Principles of Honour, Justice, and Religion in the World. Of all the kinds of Perjury that have ever appear'd in the World, this is the worst, because it tends in its Nature to the most Mischief: Private Perjury wrongs private Persons, and Ruins Familier, weakens the Fortunes and Estates, or the Reputation and the Fame of the

Persons it is levell'd at; but this kind Ruins Kingdoms, Overwhelms Governments, and Involves Nations; it comes accompanied with an Army of Miseries, Tumult, Rebellion; Battle, and Blood, are the Handmaids of its Progress, and the Attendants that wait upon its Practice. To Swear and Abjure, take Oaths, and sign Declarations, these are the vile Coverings of Deceit, that go foremost to Represent the People as Loyal. By this, the Sovereign is deluded to depend upon them, the Subjects to have Confidence in them; they, like the Hypocrites in the Sacred Text, come before the Queen as her other People do, they appear in the Roll of her Faithful Friends like the *Pharisees*, they make long Pretensions of their Zeal for the true Interest; they loudly Quarrel with the Defects and Deficiencies of their Neighbours. The outward marks of Distinction they wear publicly upon their Garments; they talk up their Loyalty and their Zeal with a Distinction to, and a Contempt of all Men but themselves; they Rail, Exclaim, and Preach in a Style of Satyr and Sarcasm at the Deficiency of other Men; they run up Principles of Loyalty to Excesses and Extremes, that no Subjects practise, and no Princes of common Sense desire. And when the truly Loyal part of Mankind Object against the Madnels of their Notions, they upbraid them with want of Loyalty, brand them with Republican Principles, Disobedience, and Disrespect to their Superiours, and even charge them with Principles of Rebellion. These are the outsidess of their Behaviour, and on the Foot of this Practice, they go on with a Confidence politickly necessary, but in itself shamefully and absurdly False and Ridiculous.

For all this while they act the Enemy, push on warmly the Interests and Designs of the Person they Abjure, and fly in the Face of the Interest of that Government they pretend to serve. Abhor'd Perjury! With the very Oaths between their Teeth, they Counter act the Thing they Swear to, and horribly insult the God they SWEAR

SWEAR BY, as well as the Government they **SWEAR TO**.

I know no Nation in the World that has any of these sort of People but *England*; *Satan* has not found out a Soil in the World where this Villany will grow, but *ours*; it is a Complication of so much Wick- edness, and join'd with such a quantity of Brags to Support it, that I see no Sect in the World can have Face enough to own it, but an *English High-Flyer* — The Papists scorn it, even Popery itself does not give a Dispensation for it — The very Tories that seem of the same kind in *Strat- land*, do not go this length, as I shall shew in its Place — The Non-Jurors in *Eng- land* suffer Persecution, rather than they will stoop to so much Vileness — I can find no Name to give the Crime, no Title to give the Men but High-Flyers, and may it be the brand of that Party, that they are Perjur'd in a manner no Man can imitate — High Flying in *England* is, in short, *Party-Perjury*, downright Perjury — A Man cannot be a High Flyer upon any other Terms — If he has not taken the Oaths he is a *Non-Juror* — That is fair, so he is a Jacobite by Profession, we may pity him, but we cannot Reproach him — But if he has taken the Oaths, and then turns High Flyer, he is then a Jacobite under Cover, and Swears himself a Revo- lutioner.

If it be ask'd, how it appears that a High Flyer is a Jacobite, I answer, because all the Mad Extremes, all the Precipitations, by which those Gentlemen call'd High Flyers are distinguish'd, are directly tending to the Pretender, and approv'd as such, by the Friends of his Interest.

What makes them drink Dr. *Sackeverell's* Health at *St. Germain's*? What makes them say there, that the Hope they have now for the Restoration of the Pretender, is from the Divisions in *England*, and that the High Church will do the Work for them, which cannot be done by Force? — Who drink the Pretender's Health in their Privacies and Retirements, do not the High Flyers? Who Curse the Memory of King *William*,

and Damn the Revolution as a Rebellion, Usurpation, do not the High Flyers? Who protested against the Union, did not the High Flyers? And who cry out when you drink to the Succession, *no more Dutch Men*, is it not the High Flyers? Who drink *Surrell's* Health, that hurt the Establisher of our Liberty, is it not the High Flyers? And who at the late City Tumults cry'd out, No Revolution, no Revolution, were they not the High Flyers? — And yet all these High Flyers have Sworn, Abjur'd, Protested, and Declar'd, taken every Oath, and every Test, and no Parliament can make an Oath, but they will take it.

These are the Men I think it becomes me to expose, and they expose themselves; every Honest Man shuns them, and thinks of them with Contempt: If any of these are got in, either to Trusts or Profits in this Country, unhappy *Britain*! What canst thou expect from them but to be betray'd? — Oaths bind them not, Abjurations are their Sport, Constitutions, Tests, and Declarations sign'd under their Hands, are Foot-Balls they kick about, as of no Consequence; they look *Jaures* like, two Ways at once — They breath Fire and Death, where they swear Loyalty and Abojance, and their Actions are the Counterpart of their Appearance.

These are the Men we have Reason to tremble at, if they get into Power — Should they get into Senates, Convocations, or Places — We are undone — These are the Men every Body will disown, no Man will Plead for, and God forbid the Day should be at Hand, that any of them may appear in a Capacity to hurt us.

In *Parliament* I am still hopeful we are out of their reach, the Constitution will not bear them there; like *Milton's* Sphere of Coelestial Temper, they would presently start up in their true Shape whenever touch'd with it — As soon as ever they enter within those Doors they would be Transform'd, Leg stature will carry them from all these Things — I fear them not there — In Convo — on what happen

happen I shall not answer for—— And in Places, ——

Surely no Nation can be so Insatuated to bear such Men long in any Capacity —— They are the Aversion of Honest Men of every Side; the *Jacobites* condemn

them; ad use them as a Carpenter does his Tools; the *Papists* laugh at them, the *Tories* of less Malignity, the meer *Tories* I mean, slight them, the *Whigs* fear them, the *Dissenters* tremble at them, the Church abhors them, and the whole Nation scorns them.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

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Printed for and sold by John Baker at the Black-Boy in Pater-Noster-Row. 1710.